If euer loue had intereſt in his liuer,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her:
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Will faſhion the euent in better ſhape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it ſort not wel, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſiue and religious life,
Out of all eies, tongues, minds, and iniuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduiſe you,
And though you know my inwardneſſe and loue
Is very much vnto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and iuſtly as your ſoule
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may leade me.

Frier Tis wel conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure,
Come lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience and endure. *exit.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept al this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You haue no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleeue your faire coſin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very euen way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the worlde ſo well as you,

is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the th
ble for me to ſay, I loued no
not, and yet I lie not, I confe
am ſory for my coſin.

Bened. By my ſword Be

Beat. Do not ſweare an

Bened. I will ſweare by
him eate it that ſayes I loue

Beat. Will you not eate

Bened. With no ſawce t
loue thee.

Beat. Why then God fo

Bened. What offence

Beat. You haue ſtayed
to proteſt I loued you.

Bened. And do it with a

Beat. I loue you with ſo
to proteſt.

Bened. Come bid me do

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bened. Ha, not for the w

Beat. You kill me to de

Bened. Tarry ſweete Be

Beat. I am gone, though
nay I pray you let me go.

Bened. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bened. Veele be frien

Beat. You dare eaſier b
mine enemy.

Bened. Is Claudio thine

Beat. Is a not approoue
ſlaundered, ſcorned, diſho
were a man! what, beare he
handes, and then with publi
vnmittigated rancour? O

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